The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 35.

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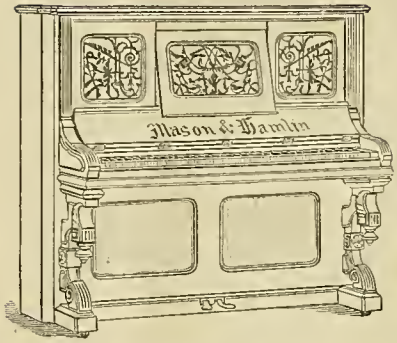

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, JUNE 21, 1890. No. 35

The Wellesley Prelude.

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All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to MISS LAUDERBURN, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Mary Barrows, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston. Mass.

Entered at the Wellesley Post Office as second-class matter.

"HOW long have you been waiting for your excuse?" "How many are there before me?" "Miss X. has seven excuses to get, could you get mine?"

Such are the questions and remarks that one hears while waiting to obtain an excuse to leave College. If you wish to go to Riverside to stay an hour you must spend a half an hour waiting for your excuse. Girls from the village are obliged to come to the College, take their place in line with the other girls and wait an indefinite time for their excuses, thus losing much valuable time.

It may be brought forward as an argument that one should obtain her excuse three or four days before leaving College, but this is rarely possible. If the student is to leave College for over Sunday it is often that she cannot tell until Saturday whether or not her work will permit her to go. On the other hand if she is only going to Boston or Natick or Riverside it is not probable that her plans have been arranged until the day she wishes to go.

Is there no remedy for this seeming waste of time? Think of the girls who go home once in two weeks or possibly once a week. It is often that a whole period is lost by waiting in this way.

There is another point to be considered. The student's plan may change after office hours are over, the weather may change, or some word may come by letter or telephone which will require her presence in Boston or elsewhere. If she goes to obtain her excuse she is rebuked for not coming in office hours.

Is it not feasible that the members of the College be allowed blanks of absence from College, to be filled out and left in the office? If not for all absences, for some at least? Cannot the students be trusted? They are college women and not boarding-school girls, and recognize their sense of duty to themselves.

Aside from the great trouble it is to the student, must it not also be a great trouble to the college officers?

Who can suggest a better remedy?

Margaret Hardon, '92.

AT NOON-TIDE.

O this is my last cold luncheon
Happy thought!
No more sandwiches and dainties (?)
To be brought,
No more phantoms of Dyspepsia
Upward loom!
Remnants final, greedy Dust-shaft
You consume.

Nancy K. Foster.

THREE DIMENSIONS.

We have a common phrase, "he carries it too far," or "he goes great lengths;" what do we mean by it? Can a good principle be carried farther than is right? Where is the limit? Any sensible man will say: "One must keep a broad lookout: narrow men go to extremes." That is true; all policy rests on two dimensions. And it is worth noticing how many people balance all their opinions between two dimensions only. Try it some time when you feel in a critical mood, and see whether you have not ground for sympathy with such people. One day, not long ago, one girl remarked to another: "I cannot see why Miss Blanc enjoys living; I would rather die than be so conservative." Miss Blanc is a "lovely" girl, a friend of the speaker, and has an unusually sweet face. The fact is, not that she is so deformed as not to enjoy her consciousness, but that she was being judged in a measure of two dimensions, and found small. In another mood the same friend caught a glimpse of a wonderful imagination in her, and involuntarily cried out: "O I see, you are a whole world to yourself; you have not time to quarrel with people about what is improper." She had perceived the third dimension, depth.

Over in the Simpson woods the trees grow close together, and have very little room to spread; but they have plenty of room to push up and to strike their roots into the ground. And this they do. Above, as one gazes into their tops, the foliage stretches itself out like a man liberated from a cramped posture. There are crowds of people like these trees, standing so close together that their only free growth is upward; and upward one will mount, away from time and space, to the ethereal realms above the heads of common men. Take such an one from among his fellows, and he is discovered thin and lank, but tall—out of all proportion. Then we name him fanatic, and fix our affections on the man who grew alone, to half the stature of the first, but with a more artistic roundness. Thus we sometimes turn with a sigh from a Calvin or a Milton, and love with all our hearts a Sir Philip Sidney, because he is so well balanced. What is it to be "well balanced?" If people carry an ideal to great lengths, they become "onesided;" that is, they are not broad enough to keep their height from leaning over. On the other hand, a man with little aspiration toward the sky soon becomes "low."

We often hear some one advising his friend, on the eve of a crisis, to "keep his head level." He is about to take a higher stand; one sees as it were by instinct that we can hold it only by careful attention to the foundation—the length and breadth.

We find here the solution. We are right in preferring the tree that grew freely in all directions. We are also right in admiring the height of the massive woods. The whole mass is none too high for the ground it covers. The ideal of symmetry is the same in all unprejudiced minds. Development must be in three directions. If there be a fourth dimension, at least it cannot change the rule of three. To ignore any of those we know, is unfair and degrading.

There is yet another view of the same idea; all men have not room to exercise their powers on the earth; perhaps they ought to have, but the truth is, men crowd each other. Yet the sky is always open; it is the privilege of every man to grow up, like the trees, and expand his crowning efforts in the clear light of day.

L. B. White, '91.

DRIFTING.

Ah! here was a cosy nook, just in keeping with my lazy, dreamy mood. I would appropriate to myself this little boat, moored under a great beech tree,and read some thoughts of Thoreau; but they are practical, and this sunny afternoon is too full of the beauty of nature's loveliness. There in the shadow of the friendly tree, I rocked my boat; little birds twittered in the leafy branches; the mother-bird flew far out and away over the rippling water to a twin beech on the other side. At a short distance two, little barefoot boys with tattered trowsers and brimless hats were fishing; and there to my surprise—and no doubt much to his own—one succeeded in bringing to land a fish. Near me honey-bees buzzed over something that I could not discern—which had probably been dropped there when the boat was being used in a more

profitable manner—thought I. It was a goodly scene—the long rows of trees budding and blossoming, the field yellow with turnip bloom and dotted with purple violets, the lowland beyond rising until far in the west lay a hazy blue line, the boundary to things earthly. The river with scarcely a ripple, a perfect mirror of the clouds and hills and trees, winds in and out and away from sight. Green islands dot its surface. Beyond, the hills, the everlasting hills are covered with trees—trees white with blossoms, trees yellow grown with spring's early garb, trees sombre, clad in dark, pine needles.

The fall of the river, the hum of the bees, the song of birds, all conform to Wordsworth's conditions for drowsy dreaming. "Like a vision olden of far other time" drifted before me another scene.

> "My winged boat a bird afloat
> Sails around purple peaks remote."

Now it is moored in a lonely curve of a little lake; high ferns are round the prow; honey-suckle is blossoming; little violets and bright columnbine peer out from the shade of tall maples; sweet incensè rises to the sky from pure lilies floating on the breast of the lake.

I lie and watch a few clouds shifting over the clear blue sky. Now they are like sheep browsing in the blue meadow—now that meadow becomes the moat of turreted many-towered castles—now my castles fall. But what a vision takes their place. It reminds me of an old picture in which two saints were standing, singing praises from a heavy tome, but the soft winds blow this way also.

> "The day so mild
> Is heaven's own child
> With earth and ocean reconciled."

Beyond the maples, beyond the pines, nestles a plain New England church, shaded by grand old trees with knotted roots and gnarled trunks telling of the bygone struggles, of the times when the "Apostle to the Indians" made a sanctuary under their green roof,

> "Ere man learned
> To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
> And spread the roof above them."

Hill after hill rises dim and distant, forming a soft, green background for the old church; everything is brightened, transformed by the setting sun. Its last rays cast a golden light over the steeple cross—but what is this,—my bright evening gone. Great drops of rain are falling on my face and warning me to hasten to shelter.

A PRAYER.

In Dread of Doubt.

To be thine own, O Christ!
For this I pray,
That I may closer come
To Thee each day.

That I may feel thy love
As ever mine,
And feel myself, O Lord,
As only thine.

And let me hear thy voice
Amidst all strife,
Until it be the song
Of all my life.

And let its music calm
My fear and doubt,
And in its grandest tones
All fear die out.

I do not ask, O Lord,
For wealth or fame,
But to be strong for thee,
In thy dear name.

So when the shadows fall
Across my way,
And I can see no light
Or sign of day,

And groping for thine hand
I find it not,
And all my heart is faint
With dread and doubt

Lest there should be no God,
No perfect love,
And lest the light be gone
From heaven above,

Then whisper in my soul,
"I will abide,
E'en if there is no hope
On earth beside."

Clara A. Jones, '80.

Wellesley College, Oct. 26, 1878.

THE CONSUMER'S LEAGUE.

The Working Women's Society of New York City, is an organization whose *raison d'être* is to better the industrial conditions of self-supporting women. They aim to educate working-women to a larger view of economic relations, to foster the sense of mutual responsibility and to organize unions and leagues in the different trades so that by united effort women may resist injustice against which they are singly powerless. The Society, has this year undertaken an investigation of the retail shops where large numbers of women and children are employed, with a view to devising some wise method of relief. They have determined to form a great consumer's league. Every member of the league binds himself to buy only at the shops named upon the Society's *white list*. This list is being prepared with the greatest care, and admits only such shops as maintain a certain standard of justice and humanity in their relations with employées. The public appeal issued by the Society some months since is given below. Every statement made has been more than proved by citation of distressing facts.

Certain abuses exist in the Dry Goods Houses affecting the well-being of the sales-women and children employed, which we believe can be remedied. In fact in different stores some of these have been remedied, which gives us courage to bring this matter to your attention.

We find the hours are often excessive, and that these women and children are not paid for over-time.

We find that in many houses the sales-women work under unwholesome conditions; these comprise bad ventilation, unsanitary toilet arrangements, and an indifference to conditions of decency.

The wages, which are low, we find are often reduced by excessive fines; that employers place a value on time lost that they fail to give for services rendered.

We find that numbers of children, under age, are employed for excessive hours, and at work far beyond their strength.

We find that long and faithful service does not meet with the consideration that is its due, on the contrary, having served a certain number of years it is a reason for dismissal.

Because of the fore-going:—low wages, the discouraging result of excessive fines, long hours and unwholesome sanitary conditions, not only the physical system is injured, but the result we most deplore, and of which we have uncontrovertible proof, the tendency is *to injure the moral well-being*.

We believe that to call attention to these evils is to do far toward remedying them, and that the power to do this lies largely in the hands of the purchasing class.

We think that "the payment and condition of those who work—through their employers—for us, is our affair and that we have no right to remain in ignorance of the conditions that involve, or may involve their misery."

In this belief we call your attention to the proposed "Consumers' League" the members of which shall pledge themselves to deal at those stores where just conditions exist.

Any further information concerning the league and the "white list" may be obtained by applying to the secretary, Miss Alice L. Woodbridge, 27 Clinton Place, New York, N. Y.

SEAS.

Wind-swept grasses like a Summer sea,
White-winged butterflies, its ships astray,
Pines that croon a sea-born melody
Waft my soul away.

Sweeps my spirit o'er the grass-blown sea,
Glad with beauty, drunk with sun-gold wine.
Daisies, wind-kissed, ever beckoning me,
Stars of promise shine.

Earth-born voices silent grow and still,
Lost amid the song of birds and bees;
Unheard, too, the yearning song and chill
Sung by distant seas.

Summer waters ever fair of yore,
Shadows lurk beneath thy sun-bright gold,
Childhood's feet were glad upon thy shore,
But the world grows old.

Yet the life of care and doubt and pain
Waits beyond in days by dreams unblest,
O'er the sun-kissed hills a grey-waved main
Tells the world's unrest.

I have caught thy echoed song, O sea,
Dim descried thy shadowed waves and grey,
Lives beloved have known thy misery,
Felt thy mystic sway.

Sweeps my spirit o'er the grass-blown tide,
Ope thy portals western gates of gold,
From the summer land where shadows bide
Seek I worlds untold.

Worlds that John, the seer, with God-kissed eyes
Once beheld in visions strangely fair,
Saw they knew no pain or sacrifice
For no sea broke there.

Ada S. Woolfolk, '91.

WELLESLEY'S TWO CLASS DAYS.

Once there was a top shelf in a closet. Against the wall at its further side lay a jumbled bunch of *memorabilia*,—a ribbon, a cap and fan, a picture, a sunshade, a poem or two. Here they lay for ten swift, flying years. Darkness took care of them and about them gathered such unpoignant sentiment as would fain remember pleasant happenings lest it may forget. There they lie now.

In the midst are bits of clear deep blue, of blue of paler tint, and of radiant scarlet. In certain eyes, ten years ago, three colors filled the spectrum. Fastened with these gala ribbons are the programs of the first and last two Class Days.

The classic scroll of '79, bound at either end with navy blue and white, and bearing a delicate tassel and cord of the lightest blue honored by the class, is dainty as a German *faroo*. Within, imprinted in the same clear tint is the program of the day.

For the morning in the chapel an oration, poem, address to the undergraduates and class ode are announced.

It may not be quite fair to comment on another's Class Day at the same time as one's own. To look upon the seniors in the fresh glory of their achievements, on the day which was made for them is, indeed, to see a familiar face resplendent with a halo. But to be a senior oneself; to watch the long June days roll onward to their culimination, to see kindly awe gathering in undergraduates faces while one's own halo glistens—that is to live in the middle of the rainbow.

Yet it may be permitted to say that '79's halo was most becomingly worn and for what was said—we have forgotten every word of it. Nay, one or two sententious sentences, levelled at '80 for '80's good, are still remembered, as is the earnest forcefull figure of the speaker, whose fragile health and pitiful dark glasses were in touching contrast to the buoyant hope and steadfast courage of the last months of her college life. As the first President of our Alumnae, the sturdy example of the President of '79 belongs a little to all the College.

The class ode, having the advantage of shortness and cold type, remains to attest the excellence of the rest. The air,—perhaps the Lorelei,— is not mentioned but the verses are very singable and merit a prominent place in the College *Carmina*.

Under Exercises in the afternoon a tour of the grounds in the following order is recorded: Pell Mell, Lethe, Sleepy Hollow, Lupine Path, Tupelo Point, Daisy Lawn, The Pines, Cowslip Farm, Chestnut Hill, Tanglewood Path, Mollies' Path, Observatory Hill, The Acropolis. This little journey in the world was sacred to the class and only a glimpse of white dresses flitting through the trees, and the appearance of substantial stakes with lettered cross-bars, at intervals along the route, were vouchsafed to profane eyes. Some years ago these signs were fast disappearing. Perhaps now all are gone.

At half past five came the Christening of the Campus and the Class Statistics, the listeners being gathered out of doors at the foot of the knoll on which the main building stands. At half past eight came the general reception, where we all smiled and shook hands,—and at ten the first Seniors serenely withdrew to enjoy their class supper and listen to their history. Of these pleasures let others speak. Our big sister was allowed to sit up, but '80 went to bed with the rest of the children.

The program of the next year's Class Day is in the form of a fan. The twelve parts are held in place by a scarlet ribbon and fastened at the center with an eyelet. From this, pendant by a cord of bright chenille, hangs a close-rolled scroll on which are printed the songs of the day. Both sides of the fan are closely set. Of the forty-one members of the class twenty-eight appear on the Class Day program. One is moved to wonder how the distinguished baker's dozen escaped such thick-flying honors and to admire the diligence with which they must have voted for the rest. Was the class, indeed, like the military company of a famous humorist composed exclusively of Brigadier Generals?

The officers, committee and Glee Club are first mentioned and then on a leaf by itself the general subject of the morning is announced: Greek from a modern standpoint. The now standard "College Beautiful," written by the Class President was first sung; then followed an address of greeting in Greek; then a choral (version from Sophocles)

the translation being by one member of the class and the music by another; then an oration on Greek Philosophy and Modern Thought; then a song, the words by one of the class and the music by the soloist; then the poem of the day called Vulcan and Venus, with recitative by the Glee Club; then an essay entitled Greek Literature and a Modern Poet, and then the class song.

The presence of the Glee Club added much to the attractiveness of the program. '80 was fortunate in possessing several pleasant voices, and, during nearly all the course, vocal instruction was furnished by the Club by means of the class treasury. The glees for fun and the songs for music which were so abundantly given in return rendered this one of the most satisfactory ventures of the class life.

To older listeners as well as to young enthusiasts, the fairest jewel of the morning was the address of welcome in Greek, which, although understood by few, was spoken with such simple grace of manner, such ease of scholarship and such cordial warmth of voice and smile as gave the ancient, foreign words a living heart-felt message. The speaker's soubriquet, the "Class Saint," given half in jest, found many a quiet echo in the hearts about her there. The remembrance of her shapely figure in a fair white gown, of her sweet and winning character, of her brain as clear as her heart was tender, forms a rare and gracious vision of the beauty of early womanhood.

The Campus exercises in the afternoon began with a song by the class, the words being written by one of our merriest jinglers; then followed the statistics called "What we did and didn't do:" then a song called Katy-did; then the address to the undergraduates; then a song without words, arranged by a member of the Glee Club; then the "Inauguration of the College Cheer," (of which, alas!) and the christening of Waban Mere and Waban Water. The class history and character sketches, to be read at the class supper, completed the announcements. So the modest order of the day placed before a patient faculty and indulgent parents,eight singers, three musical composers, five speech-makers, seven prose-writers and six poets. How fortunate that June days are long! '80 included also a pianist and, at least, one artist, for the last leaf of the little fan bears a reproduction of an original sketch, "The Phi Sigma, Teta Alpha and Shakespeare Society pins are outlined along its outer edge; a class banner with motto and a Tree Day parasol are at either side; below the prow and oars of the Tanager are drawn, and in the apex the still familiar milk pitcher and bread plate of the College dining hall. Like the work of the artistic Japanese this sketch presents lofty and ennobling ideas untrammelled by probability or perspective, and it is, no less, a suggestive and pleasing bit of decoration.

Away to the east or north, within the College grounds and yet not near, hedged about by close-set trees, there used to be an open space where the grass grew long in June. Perhaps it is irrelevant to add that thither a certain senior, not being one of the distinguished minority unelect, was wont to take her way, with the vivacious lady who that year taught elocution, and there to shout once and again a few tame-growing sentences, ostensibly that the twittering robins in the tree tops might pause to listen, and privately murch in dread lest some stray freshman should do the same.

That senior remembers the kindly listening faces when her turn came to mount the box upon the campus, remembers her instructor, standing with lifted hand upon the outskirts of the little company, remembers knowing that she could not hear, and not caring at all, remembers the graver members of the faculty in sedate row before her, remembers knowing that they could hear and wishing they couldn't, remembers Mr. Durant near by, listening with the indulgent smile not unseldom given to '80, signifying amusement rather than approval, remembers being grateful for the smile, remembers the face of a father or mother here and there quick with interest because the speaker was a daughter's friend. Somewhere in the first mentioned bunch of *memorabilia* is a pencilled copy of that speech, but would the senior dare look at it? no, indeed!

At our own class supper we were present and so was a lump in our throat, as we looked along the lines of bright faces never again to be gathered about one table. The day had been active and glorious. We were tired enough when the supper began to have fallen asleep in our chairs, yet with

spirit undaunted we went on with the program. Meanwhile a most tangible shadow approached with each tick of the clock. We had been informed that the supper must be over at eleven o'clock. Neither's entreaties nor senior dignity could avail to reverse this edict. The supper was over, the toasts were drank, the history read, a speech of the afternoon, omitted by request, had been applauded to the echo, and we were gathered in a group at the end of the gymnasium to read our character sketches, when there came an ominous knock at the door. In the years of stronger life that have passed since then more than a few of that wilful band must needs have faced things which are not as we would they were. But if ever '80's blood rose to ten times eighty Fahrenheit it was on that Class Day evening when Dominique turned out the gas. Only a row of stars will express our feelings at this point.

* * * * * * *

The next day we all went to drive. We came to a beautiful country road, where a bridge crosses a rivulet, just beyond the bridge is a well turfed knoll on the top of which there is probably a statue, but none of us looked higher than the pedestal. We flung ourselves down in careless freedom to unroll the character sketches still unread and guess whose each might be. This hour of happy idleness was the postscript of our Class Day.

Cora Stickney, '80.

MY COLLEGE ROOM.

A Farewell.

A loving look I give around the room;
Here Beatrice Cenci's earnest gaze
For simple justice pleads with me, a haze
Enshadows mournful Sappho in its gloom.

And near a sunny Rome is Effie Deans,
Some photographs are o'er my laden shelves;
And wondrous wealth is here for one who delves.
Above my desk a singing cherub leans.

Ah! hov'ring o'er the pictures in the shade
I see the wraith of days when pain was here,
And troublous times that only prayer could cheer,
And doubts and fears and struggles that I had.

But in the golden shimmer that the lake
Reflects upon the wall I see my joys,
One moment are the sad and glad in poise,—
But glad outweighs,—the lights and shadows break!

Mabel Rosamond Wing, '87.

UNDER THE PINES.

Wind-swept grasses on a sunny hill,
Murmuring boughs that shelter bird and nest,
Bees that kiss the clover-blooms a-thrill
Call me unto rest.

Floats my world-worn soul through phantom years,
Floats, O Earth, in wistful wise to thee,
Back through dreams of pain and echoed tears,—
Fetterless and free.

Cradle me, O Earth, amid the grass,
Rhymes of childhood crooning in the pine—
Melodies that pause and softly pass—
Draw my life to thine.

"Now I lay me down again to sleep,"
Guarded safe by sun and bee and bird;
Through caressing silence cool and deep
Lullabies are stirred.

Throbs an answering heart in sun and sod,
Bends again a long-lost face that smiled,
From the earth my soul floats up to God,
Waketh there—a child.

Lillian Corbett Barnes, '91.

GLEANINGS.

Brown, Union and Princeton each offer a prize for the best college song.

St. John's foot-ball team, after due consideration, have selected this as their motto: "Arnica et pons extractum indespensable sunt."

A curious custom at Princeton is that of the Seniors gathering on the steps of Nassau Hall, on spring evenings, and singing over their old college songs for the delectation of the underclasses, who assemble around them.

The Annual Report of President Dwight, of Yale University, shows total gifts during the year of $716,000, and total gifts since he took the office of President, in July, 1886, of $1,244,390.

At last the long contested McGraw-Fiske will case has come to an end. The decision rendered in the United States Supreme Court, May 19, is final, and it gives to Professeor Willard Fiske and others the estate of Jennie McGraw-Fiske, variously estimated at from one to two millions of dollars.

THE WEEK.

'91 had become so highly charged with electricity from long contact with the Junior friction machine, Physics, that at last it seemed necessary, for the sake of her own comfort and that of those about her, to dissipate the charge, if possible. Wednesday evening, after the final torture of the examination, and Thursday, were spent in preparing the materials for the discharge. It was finally effected on Thursday evening, June 12, by means of a play, which symbolized the sufferings of '91, and brought them to a tragic end. The first scene showed the children of '91, in the solemn garb of mourning, cowering under the fearful sway of the tyrant Silvanus Thompson, dread dispenser of Electricity and Magnetism. As he wickedly showered sparks from the catskin into their terrified midst, a chorus of hideous little red and black imps in the foreground sang "Silvanus has the floor." The second scene was laid at Robin Hood's camp, where a refugee from '91 told of the cruel subjection of his brethren, whose resistance had measured thousands of ohms. He depicted the horrors in glowing colors, relating that Silvanus not only ruled with a rod of iron, but with coils on coils of copper wire, around which crept a snaky current of electricity. Robin Hood's men fired with zeal to avenge the cruel wrong, rushed off to the rescue. The third scene was the trial of Silvanus in Robin Hood's camp. He was to be tried with scientific justice, and during the testimony of the first witness he continued haughty and insolent. But, gradually, as the charges grew more and more unanswerable he became agitated, momentary inverse currents were set up in all directions within him, and finally he most humbly begged for mercy from Robin Hood, pleading that gallant judge to let the current of mercy pass around his heart in an anti-clockwise direction. At length, finding all appeal vain, he moaned, "Hark, methinks I hear the lions roaring in Daniell s cells; but no, it is the voice of the Siren, my avenger." The verdict was "Death!" "Kill him! kill him!" and the electrocutioner administered a powerful charge, producing the desired effect. The excited mob rushed at the body, but received return shocks and retreated in dismay. Then Robin Hood, leaving six trusty men to insulate the body and bring it later, led the rest away to prepare the place of burial. A long, solemn procession was formed, and singing a dirge, wound its way far out into the murky night to a secluded spot removed from college walls. There in a grave was pitched the luckless body. In the darkness, while the rain pattered down upon his sombre black figure, and the lightnings flashed approval to his wild sentiments, the funeral orator delivered the last address. Solemn and sad, he grieved to think that "no longer on Silvanus smiled the light of day." He recalled the good points of the tyrant's character; but soon, looking about him at the thin, emaciated forms, and lean and haggard faces of his comrades, he remembered that his virtues were infinitesimal as compared with his vices, and in a transport of rage hurled the victim into the grave with "Down with the rascal." The grave was filled, a war-dance danced about it, and a triumphal procession home ended the ceremonies. Programs were of loci paper, in the shape of a coffin, bordered with black and ornamented with skull and cross bones, and bearing the order of exercises in Latin. The grave is known to none but '91's, who occasionally visit the spot, and one tender-hearted maiden has been known to leave a flower.

* * *

Instead of the regular prayer-meeting on Thursday evening, June 12, Professor Peabody of Harvard University delivered an address on the Indian question. After a pleasing introduction Professor Peabody said that the principles of dicussion are fixed; efforts are not being made blindly, but with a perfect understanding of the facts of the case. Statistics of the Indian population have been obtained, and everything necessary to determine the best course to follow, is known. The latest Dawes Bill undoubtedly presents that course. This has been a century of colossal mistakes rather than dishonor, and now is the most critical moment in regard to the Indian question. As in every political and social issue, when a problem is apparently solved, it is in reality only begun. When the Negro slaves were emancipated, the slavery question seemed to be settled, but the real problem of the negroes of America is yet unsolved. The difficulty lies in the fact that too much confidence is placed in mechanism, whereas time, faith and union of forces are necessary to success in any movement. Professor Peabody then took up the discussion of the things that may be done by us; first as citizens, second as Christians. As citizens, the mechanism is good, we have good laws, but they will not work themselves. No Congress ever made so great mistakes as the present one, in the light of the knowledge which they have. He then mentioned some of the ways in which money has been appropriated by Congress, and showed how unjust has been the treatment of the Indians in comparison, simply because they have no votes. It is is for us to show that the Indian should have a vote. Then, as Christians, Professor Peabody said that the motto of Dr. E. E. Hale is only half the truth; pefect success cannot be attained without looking back, and profiting by experience, without having an knowledge of one's self, and looking down into the utmost depths of things. The Indian question is not one of Politics merely, but of life and character.

Is this to be a Christian nation? and are we conscious of the blessings given us? We are called in an age of practical usefulness, and in such work as that of the teachers in the Hampton School for Indians, is found the truest Christian spirit.

* * *

An enthusiastic audience filled the chapel Friday evening, June 13, when Miss Roberts gave her song recital. Miss Roberts and the instrumentalists who assisted her were warmly received and almost overwhelmed by the profusion of roses. The program was opened with the inspiring Overture to Taunhaüser which was excellently rendered by a quartette of pianists, Fraülein Müller, Miss Knox, Miss James and Miss Todd. Both this number and the Slavische Taüze by the same quartette, received warmest applause. Miss Roberts held her hearers breathless, delighted. She was twice obliged to respond with encores, and added to the delightful program, the familiar favorites "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "The Night has a Thousand Eyes." Mrs. Stovall contributed a large share of the evening's enjoyment by her skillful and charming rendering of the Bach Toccata and Fugue, and the Marche Solenelle by Lemaigre. The following was the program as rendered:

I. Overture de Taunhaüser, Wagner.
Misses Müller, Knox, Todd and James.

II. (*a*) Wär Ich geblieben doch, Schaeffer.
(*b*) Der Lodt und das Mädchen, Schubert.
(*c*) Das Lauberlied, Meyer-Helmund.
Miss Roberts.

III. Toccata and Fugne in D Minor, Bach.
Mrs. Stovall.

IV. (*a*) Serenade, Mrs. Aiken.
(*b*) Persian Love Song, De Koven.
(*c*) The Garden of Sleep, De Lara.
Miss Roberts.

V. (*a*) Ich liebe dich, Forster.
(*b*) Herbststurm, Grieg.
Miss Roberts.

VI. Slavische Täuze, Op. 46, Dvôrák.
Misses Knox, James, Todd and Müller.

VII. (*a*) Wiegenlied. Mozart.
(*b*) A Winter Lullaby, De Koven.
Miss Roberts.

VIII. Marche Solenelle, Lemaigre.
Mrs. Stovall.

The charm of Miss Robert's singing is her perfect control over her rich, full, contralto voice, and the magic manner in which she interprets the secrets of music and touches the soul of the composer. With exquisite tenderness she sang the "Serenade" and the dainty Lullaby to "Mein Prinzchen;" with grace and power she sang the "Persian Love Song" with its wierd notes and wild passion, and the "Herbststurm" with its rapid stirring action. Forte, piano, allegro, andante came at her summons to delight and entrance her audience. The good wishes of *The Prelude* and, as Friday night's audience testified, of the whole college go with Miss Roberts as she leaves us. May the walls of Wellesly resound often in the future, to the beautiful voice of our sweet singer.

On Sunday, June 15, Dr. Strong, of Auburndale, preached from the text Luke 7: 19; "And John calling unto him two of his disciples sent to Jesus saying 'Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?'"

* * *

The last regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society for this year was held on the gymnasium floor, Monday afternoon, June 16. The study of the day, "The Winter's Tale," though written to enliven the dull hours of a winter evening, and paint the summer's gladness in dying embers, proved well suited to the sunny splendor of a June afternoon. As one of the last of Shakespeare's plays it seemed an appropriate ending to the year's work, as the society programme has included plays from every period of his development, passing from "All's Well That Ends Well," and "Midsummer Night's Dream," to "King John" and "Coriolanus," and back to the sunny-heartedness of his Indian summer time in this most delightful of comedies that so nearly missed being a tragedy, as Miss Morrill's paper showed, in its bright exposition of the plot, drawn from the older novel of Green. Miss Thorne gave an incisive character study of Othello and Leontes, two opposite developments of the zealous nature. Miss Dunlap's charming paper was like a whiff of fragrance from the June fields in Warwickshire through which we love to picture Shakespeare "treading the path to Ann." It brought out with fresh significance the influences of his early home on the poet's maturer writing. The dramatic representations were unusually successful. The brilliant costumes were artistically blended, while the grouping and by-play were thoroughly good. Perdita's artless grace was delightfully rendered, and Hermione's difficult part was sustained with noticable power. Perhaps the shepherd's dance in the fourth act was as pretty as anything given, and the ease with which it was performed, on the open floor, was another reminder of the cramped space on our gymnasium stage. Though not a large meeting, owing to the enforced absence of several members, it was one of the pleasantest of a very pleasant year. The programme was as follows:

Shakespeare News, Miss Dransfield.
Study of the Plot, Miss R. Morrill.
Character Study, Othello and Leontes, Miss Thorne.
Dramatic Representations.

ACT. IV. SCENE III.

Antolycus,	Miss Young.
Clown,	Miss Dunlap.

SCENE IV.

Florizee,	Miss Pleasants.
Perdita,	Miss Look.
Shepherd,	Miss Emerson.
Polixenes,	Miss Pierce.
Camillo,	Miss Squires.
Dorcas,	Miss E. Green.
Mopsa,	Miss Wardwell.
Clown,	Miss Dunlap.
WARWICKSHIRE RECOLLECTIONS,	Miss Dunlap.
DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS.	

ACT V. SCENE III.

Leontes,	Miss Nye.
Perdita,	Miss Look.
Paulina,	Miss Bates.
Polixenes,	Miss Pierce.
Camillo,	Miss Squires.
Florizel,	Miss Pleasants.
Hermione,	Miss Crane.

A FLOAT-DAY SONG.

A shadow over the tree-tops;
A shudder along the shore;
And the North wind whistled fiercely,
"Fair Waban is yours no more!"

O'er mountain and valley and streamlet,
Swept Winter, the rude and bold;
Alas for our treasure! — he found her,—
Stern Winter so grey and old.

The King of the Clouds sent his ermine,
And fairies from far and wide
Brought jewels to rival the graces
Of the Winter-king's stolen bride.

But Winter one day was driven
Away to his northern halls,
Where never a lily beckons,
Nor an oriole blithely calls.

Coy breezes from Waban entice us
With messages written by Spring;
The earth is a-throb with their music,—
We too, feel the heart-beats, and sing.

There is gladness in every tree-top,
And laughter along the shore,
When June bids us join in her frolic,
For Waban is *ours* once more!

S. A. E., '92.

ODE TO THE FUTURE.

Delivered on Tree Day by the Bard of the Court of the Princess Ida.

SONG.

I.

Forth from the gray of shadow and of dream
Come Spirits of the Future, blossom clad;
With mystic light their flowing garments gleam,—
Hail, visions fair, that hint a future glad.

II.

Our eyes have seen the gold at sunset lie
On the far hills, and sparkle on the wave;
In the high cloud when the morn goes fleeting by;
Hid in the deep of tiny flower grave.

III.

Our royal gold, our symbol of all light,
On you, the Future's children we bestow;
Take from our love this gift, and thine by right,
All golden dreams that make our spirits glow.

IV.

Happy are ye, who stand with eager feet
In dawn-lit paths that end in heights above;
Happy are ye, who yet but dream the sweet,
The depth of life, that we go on to prove.

Kent Dunlap, '90.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

AT Ashmont, Mass., Dec. 23, 1889, twin sons, George Quincy and Robert Ayres, Jr., to Mrs. Sarah Swasey Barnet, student at Wellesley '75-'77.

AT Kodaikanal, Madura District, South India, April 13, a second son, Theodore, to Mrs. Henrietta Rendall Chandler, '86.

AT Woburn, Mass., May 24, a son, Chester Ingalls, to Mrs. Marion Smith Conn, '87.

MARRIED.

LEE–CONKLING.—At St. Mary's Cathedral, Springfield, Ill., June 11, Ermina Conkling, '84, to Henry Lee. At home at Denver, Col.

WALWORTH–EMERY.—At Concord, N. H., June 11, Lillian Abbie Emery, student at Dana Hall '83-85, to Charles William Walworth. At home after August 1, 57 Bradford St., Lawrence, Mass.

HENSEL–BOYD.—At the Memorial Church of the Advocate, Philadelphia, Pa., June 19, Rebekah M. Boyd, '89, to Rev. Charles A. Hensel.

Miss Elizabeth H. Palmer, '87, sails July 2, for a summer abroad.

Miss Edna C. Hedges, student, Wellesley, '86-'88, sails from New York, June 26, with the party of Mrs. Holbrook of Yonkers. She will remain in Europe four months.

Miss Martha R. Mann, '85, has been recently elected to fill the chair of Biology in Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Miss Mira Camp, student at Wellesley, '87-'88, sailed for Europe June 14, from New York. She expects to be abroad a year and will spend most of that time studying in Germany.

Fewer Alumnæ than usual were present at the Tree-Day exercises and but eight were found at their close to perform the time-honored ceremony of dancing around the class trees.

The next annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ will be held in Chicago October 23—28. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, the President, will address the Association on the subject of "The relation of college women to social need." There will be also addresses by Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklyn and Miss Verna E. Sheldon. The topics to be presented for discussion are: Collegiate systems of honors and prizes; the administration of scholarships and beneficiary funds, and college endowments.—*Springfield Republican*.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Shafer and Miss Morgan were at Vassar for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the college.

On Saturday evening, the Junior class attempted to serenade Miss Knox. While the attempt can not be pronounced exactly successful, still an astonishing amount of good-will was manifested which Miss Knox very graciously received.

The elections of the Shakespeare Society were held Wednesday, June 11. The result was as follows:

President,	Miss Helen Pierce.
Vice-President,	Miss Alice Emerson.
Recording Secretary,	Miss Emma Squires.
Corresponding Secretary,	Miss Grace Brackett.
Treasurer.	Miss Alice Dransfield.
Factotum,	Miss Elizabeth Wardwell.

Last Monday, the Phi Sigma Society celebrated the close of the year with a picnic. About twenty of the members drove away from college with the general intention of going somewhere. Somewhere proved to be a delightful pine grove on the bank of the Charles, and here the installation of the new officers took place. There were toasts and speeches until the enthusiasm reached such a pitch that songs were composed and sung on the spur of the moment. In short, the afternoon was altogether charming.

The Art Society held their last meeting for the year on Saturday, June 14. The Art Gallery where the Society met, was gaily decked with wild flowers beside its usual ornaments. The meeting was open and social and may be described by the title on the programmes, "A Conversational Evening on Art." The topics of conversation were:

1. Benefit of Freshman Drawing.
2. Water-color and Oil in Landscape.
3. Drawing in Public Schools.
4. Should an artist marry?
5. Household Decoration.
6. Picture by Duprè or "Arab Chiefs" by Schreier.
7. The Boston Art Museum.
8. Madonnas.
9. Costume.
10. The Character of an Artist.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Harvard wins the Mott Haven Cup.

On June 11, forty-eight students were graduated from Vassar.

Both the Whig and Cliosophic societies laid the corner stones of new halls at Princeton this week.

A new step has lately been taken by Princeton and Yale. They propose to erect statues to their venerable ex-presidents, Dr. McCosh and Dr. Woolsey.

Six Siamese students have been sent by the Government of Siam to be educated in this country. They will go to Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

Four hundred students will graduate from the Northwestern University this year. Three hundred of its young men are studying for the pulpit. One young woman, "Tank Kee," is about to present its theological library with several thousand rare volumes on China.

A new benefaction of $100,000 from Mrs. Susan Brown will enable Princeton to build another dormitory similar to that now being erected on the campus. The latter is also a gift of Mrs. Brown, and will be named for her brother as the "Albert Dodd Hall. The new dormitory will be called the "David Brown Hall" after the husband of the generous lady. Other gifts to the amount of $20,000 were reported by President Patton at the trustees' meeting on Monday.

The Princeton Faculty have consented to allow the

Tiger to be re-established. This paper held a place similar to that occupied by the *Lampoon* at Harvard, and the *Record* at Yale.

PLAN for National University has been received. Senator Edmunds has introduced a bill appropriating $500,000.00 for buildings and $5,000,000.00 for permanent endowment. This was Washington's favorite idea but has always failed through distrust of Congress in the scheme.

THE Sargent Prize of one hundred dollars for the best metrical version of the twenty-ninth ode of the third book of Horace has been awarded to Miss H. L. Reed, of the "Annex." The judges were Messrs. S. Lothrop Thorndike, Gardiner M. Lane, and M. H. Morgan.—*Harvard Crimson*.

THE first prize for the best essay upon the application of the American Policy for Protection to American Shipping engaged in International Commerce, awarded by the American Protective Tariff League, was given to Mr. John Ford, of Cornell University. Second prize to Miss Carrie R. Gaston, of Swarthmore College. Third prize to Mr. Thos. A. C. Spillane, of Bowdoin College.

OUR OUTLOOK.

IT is not generally known that a department has been recently opened at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, which is presided over entirely by women. Four ex-Newnham students, at the head of whom is Miss Clemes, a lady who was for some years resident in Manchester, are engaged in daily work at the observatory. Their employment includes exact measurement from photographs, as well as actual photography and night observations. The arrangement is said to be only tentative; but if Miss Clemes and her associates succeed in making themselves useful, the Women's Department will doubtless become a permanent institution.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MRS. Ellen Mitchell, who was appointed two years ago a member of the Chicago Board of Education, has made so good a record that Mayor Cregier has been requested by leading citizens, including a large majority of the judges of the county irrespective of party, and many members of the bar, to give women a larger representation on the board. Judge James B. Bradwell, who was instrumental in securing the passage, thirteen years ago, of the law making women eligible to school offices in Illinois, has made a strong plea in the *Legal News* for the appointment of women to fill places of five members whose terms will soon expire. This plea has been generally indorsed by the Chicago press. The women's organizations are also agitating the matter, and it is said that Mayor Cregier's office will be visited soon by a delegation of women five hundred strong, who will urge upon him the need of having women on the Board of Education.

"I know it is said that women are already represented at the ballot-box by their husbands; but there are eighty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts, and who, pray, votes for them? Statistics show that men in this state furnish much the larger percentage of our pauper, insane and criminal population: yet, in the face of the fact, women are placed on the same level, for voting purposes, as the idiot, the convict and the pauper. As for the political parties—both of them in this State have at different times professed to favor women suffrage. It is well to keep them both in a state of doubtful anticipation as to what women will do with their ballots when they get them. One year the Democrats resolve heartily in favor of the ballot for women; another year the Republicans do the same. They are both inclined to play with the question, evidently in doubt what the effect would be if they should do justice to women. I will say for the press, to which I belong: that, in Boston at least, the press has given woman a fair and equal chance in advance of the law. I remember the time when very few women were engaged on the Boston press; but every year the number keeps increasing. The time is near when the number of women engaged in newspaper work, especially in the higher walks of journalism, will be as large, and as largely paid, as of men. When that state of things comes about, it cannot be long before the ballot follows; for Wendell Phillips said, many years ago, and it is just as true to-day, that the government of this country is a government by newspapers; and when women are found to be actually in possession of their half share of the newspaper government, it will be impossible to deny them their rightful half share of power at the ballot-box." JAMES W. CLARKE.

WABAN RIPPLES.

FIRST JUNIOR: What *shall* we do if it rains on the night of the Promenade?

SECOND JUNIOR: Oh, we can promenade through all the corridors and even go up in the trunk room.

FIRST JUNIOR: But *matches* aren't allowed in the trunk room, are they?

"OH, THOU TUPELO!"

Now why is that Tree named that way?
I should really like to know.
Why, can't you *see* the reason?
There are always Two—below.
A gay Freshman crew at the float,
Got thoroughly mixed in its boat,

"Now *please* to back water
Girls, just as you oughter."
Cried this mildest of captains afloat.

SENIOR CREW CAPTAIN (rehearsing Float songs): The pitch will be passed to the right, each crew taking it from the one on the left.

INTERESTED FRESHMAN CAPTAIN: *Pitch*? What are we going to do with *that*.

A CERTAIN youth of the period, who knew more about boating than fighting, was asked to command a hastily collected regiment, in his native town, one Decoration Day. All went well, until, as they were marching down the principal avenue, they came to a point where the way was blocked and they had to turn down a side street. To his horror the young leader found that he had forgotten the word of command to make them wheel. His men, upon whom he had deeply impressed the idea that they must do nothing without orders, marched steadily on till they reached the barrier, where they stood still, simply moving their feet. Their captain looked at them, and, finally, in utter desperation, cried out, "Back water!" The men grasped the situation and the day was saved.

ONE of the great Yale athletics is reported to have said that foot-ball was his earliest *feat*.

She sent a message tender
To one who loved her true,
But, being shy and youthful,
Her words were short and few.

So, "Meet me in the gloaming, dear,"
Was all she wrote. But oh!
He couldn't keep the appointment,
For where it was, he *didn't* know.

Q. What is a Freshman's mission to College?
A. Submission.—*Columbia Spectator*.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Century for June contains a very interesting article by Albert Shaw on "London Polytechnics and Peoples Palaces." Those interested in the social problems of the day, especially the condition of the working-people, will be glad to learn how London is solving this question by her technical schools.—John La Farge, in "An Artist's Letters from Japan," tells us of the simplicity and beauty of Japanese architecture and speaks especially of the temples.—"Track Athletics in America" shows us the growing realization in America of the importance of out-door exercise, and may be interesting to college women as well as to college men.—Amelia Gere Mason in Part II of "The Women of the French Salons" gives us a picture of two literary French women, the vivacious, unfortunate, Duchess de Montpensier, and her friend Mme. de Sablé.—"Mère Marchette" is a story by Arlo Bates which is an account of another interesting case of hypnotism.—Henry Eckford's article "An American Colorist" is a sketch of the artist Albert Pinkham Ryder, an American artist whose fame is steadily growing. Ryder's idea of color is wonderful, and he is gradually overcoming his great fault, lack of form, for which he has been so severely criticised.—The first chapters of a new continued story "The Anglomaniacs" by William Cleaver Wilkinson appear in this number.—Other articles are "Comparative Taxation," by Edward Atkinson, and "Irish Kings and Brehons," by Chas. de Kay.

This first article in *The Atlantic for June* is "The Novel and Common Schools" by Charles Dudley Warner. It is a protest againts the neglect of the public school teachers to inspire the rising generation with a taste for the best literature. The effect of this neglect both upon the American public and upon the standard of our literature is traced.—"The Eight-Hour Law Agitation" by Francis A. Walker expresses moderate views on the question.—"The National House of Representatives: Its Growing Inefficiency as a Legislative Body" by Hannis Taylor is an interesting comparison between the English House of Commons and our Lower House. The remedy suggested for the defect of our system is the closer connection between the House and the Executive.—"God in His World" is a review of the book publish anonymously under this title.—The genial autocrat continues to communicate with the world "Over the Tea-cups."—One may follow the wanderings of the Knights of the Round Table very pleasantly in "An Arthusian Journey."—"Car$_t$ Horses" by H. C. Werwin is interesting and rather odd.—The fiction of the number is represented by the conclusion of "Rod's Salvation" and the continuation of "Sidney" by Margaret Deland.—There are but two poems, one by Annie Fields, entitled "The Pathless Way" and Antinous" by Mary C. Gates.—The Contribution Club contains "A Glimpse of Liverpool" and "A Slip of Coleridge."

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Compendious French Grammar by A. H. Edgren, Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Nebraska.

THIS book is prepared with general reference to the needs of our American schools and colleges. Its limit is determined by the average time devoted to French in such institutions, and its method, by practical as

well as critical aims. *The First Part* is devoted to such a brief, practical introduction to the French language as will make the learner familiar with its first essentials and enable him to begin reading with profit. *The Second Part* contains a methodical presentation of etymology, syntax, (with exercises and abundant examples), and versification, as well as a brief sketch of the relation of French to the Romance element in English. To aid the student and quicken philiological investigation, each chapter is preceded by a brief historical survey of the subject under consideration. Different types have been consistently used to denote what should be studied in a first course, and what be left for a second, or be used for reference only.

A Ballad Book. Edited by Katharine Lee Bates, Wellesley College, Boston: Leach, Sarwell and Sanborn.— In the selection of English Ballads as a fit theme for the study of the undergraduate, a distinct advance in the study of English Literature in our Academies and Colleges is to be noted. Although the ballad represents one of the simplest forms of poetry, so primitive that in all time it has been crooned by the nurse and sung by the ploughboy, yet like other simple forms it contains the most profound truths. He knew that who first said: "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws." No one can be said to have made a thorough study of Epic, Lyric or Dramatic poetry who has not discovered that the origin of each is faintly traced or boldly outlined in such ballads as the Battle of Otterbourne, the Robin Hood Collection, Waly, Waly and Lord Ronald. No one can catch the spirit of Early English History who has not tuned his ear to the key of the historical ballad, such as the "Hunting of the Cheviot," and "Chevy Chase;" no one can appreciate the color of a poem of Shelley or of Keats who has not found earlier enjoyment in the natural paiting of "Tamlane," and "Fine Flowers in the Valley." Proffessor Child's Noble Edition of the English and Scottish popular ballads is a book that no Library can afford to deny itself. Miss Bate's modest Collection limited to a size and form and price within the reach of all is a book that no undergraduate can afford to be without.

OUR EXCHANGES.

JUNE.

Here waits the world in silence sweet,
  In fields of green and sunshine still,
For June who comes with tripping feet
  To set its springtide soul a-thrill.

June is a maiden pure and true,
  Whose heart with kindliness o'erflows;
Her tender eyes are heaven's own blue;
  Her cheeks are red, red Jacqueminots.

— *Brown Magazine.*

POETRY A LA MODE.

In a poet's hand a flower lay,
  It was a violet so blue.
It chanced a Lady passed that way
To clasp her hands and gently say,—
  "How lovely is its hue."

The poet smiled and went his way.
  He met my Lady's maid
And showed her where the violets lay,—
That she might pluck, at break of day,—
  And wear them as he bade.

My Lady's maid was up betimes,
  The violets in her hair;
And while she read my Lady rhymes,
My Lady saw them forty times,—
  Yet knew not they were there.

Harvard Advocate.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Baltimore and the 19th of April '61. By Geo. W. Brown.

Introduction to Local Constitutional History of the U. S. By Geo. E. Howard.

Spinoza. By John Caird.

Taxation in American States and Cities, By Richard T. Ely and John H. Finley.

Conception of the Infinite. By Geo. S. Fullerton.

New Basis for Chemistry. By T. S. Hunt.

Food Adulteration. By J. P. Battershall.

Text-book of Organic Chemistry. By A. Bernthsen.

Three Dramas of Euripides. By Wm. C. Lawton.

Elements of Physiological Physics. By J. M'Gregor-Robertson.

Manual of Organic Materia Medica. By John M. Maisch.

Philosophy of Kant as Contained in Writings.

Republic of New Haven. By Chas A. Levermore.

Philadelphia, 1681–1887. By Edward P. Allinson and B. Penrose.

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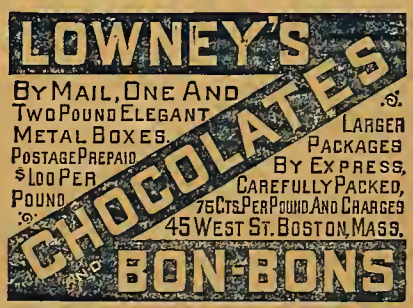

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